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fused throughout the phenomena of creation, is fully adequate to raise up, at the beck of its will, scenes and subjects of unappreciated beauty. This subjective quality of the Beautiful renders its study and true appreciation one of the necessary results of mental progress. The passages through all the stages of our physical life unveils to our vision, as the soul becomes more and more etherealized by its near and constant approach to its immortal destiny, a succession of pleasing conceptions. These, founded upon the purely sensual and material, become, by the ideality of mental activity, transformed to unearthly beauty, and belong to the realm of that physical enjoyment, which the human soul realizes oftener than it possesses language or tones in which to express the realization.

These same capabilities of the human mind to surround itself with the elements of happiness, where and whensoever it chooses to rally them, is one of the evidences of a spirituality, apart from, and independent of, all material associations. These vast and illimitable mental resources, which enable man to create beauty out of the elements of physical deformity and apparent discord, point to the origin of all transitions from the un-Beautiful to the Beautiful, in the aspects of Nature. The solution of that mystery is thus laid before us, explaining how, in order to realize the glories of the outer world, we must fall back upon the resources of an inner life. From the materialism of external life, we depart insensibly into this idealistic culture, and all the enjoyments imparted by outward form, at first purely sensual, become, by gradation in intellectual refinement, purely spiritual.

In all departments of Art, and especially music, is this inner operation of thought made evident. That which at first strikes the senses, by repeated observation and concentrated study, resolves itself into an ideal thought—and the limited world of outer observation spreads itself into an illimitable sphere of internal significance, by contact with the human mind. All the emanations of the fraternal Arts enter into the category of the idealist's study, since the purely objective is to him but a superficial exercise, and inadequate to the wants of the imagination. To give a verbal description of tones, colors, and practical forms, he resorts to the analogies of ideas, and, in many instances, substitutes the emotions of one Art, to express those of another. By this vicarious process, he lays open to our understanding feelings that would otherwise lay undisclosed in the obscurity of the soul's history.

How this idealistic culture, which underlies all Art criticism, in giving to the works of the artist the loftiest interpretation of the human imagination, influences the current of daily life, and swells the totality of man's happiness, may be readily inferred from the important part it occupies in the conversion of the hideous and unharmonious into the Beautiful. It is seen in that enthusiasm of temperament, which, overlooking the coldness and asperity of real things, brightens the picture, and chastens the fears of life into joy, and, by fashioning the rude elements that surround us into images of beauty, place us within a sphere, which, though false in a material sense, becomes interiorly true.

We have spoken of the action of mind upon the outer world, and we have to inquire into the direct influence which both Art and Nature exert upon the soul, at the moment of their mutual contact. Is the soul of every observer converted to a state of purity, when he enters into this chaste communion, or can he study and enjoy Art and Nature, under the influence of corrupt or disguised emotions?

When the orator sways the mind of the hearer, he, for that moment, elevates and purifies him; and could the influences of such a momentary elevation abide with him, the work of oratory would prove a source of healing to human vice. In the eloquence of Art we see a similar principle in operation, disclosing itself to the eye and thence reaching the heart. In all the fraternal Arts we see it equally evident; for, what music does not effect on the temperament of one individual, painting will. Or, where both produce no touching appeals to the organization, the strains of poetry enter deeply into the memory, and there lie, an ever recorded thought, keeping up the flame of feeling and inciting the imagination.

Wheresoever there is an appreciation of the works of Art, or enjoyment of the operation of outward Nature, we cannot escape the conclusion that this operation is a purifying one.

We are told that a nude statue of unblemished marble purifies the observer. We see promiscuous multitudes, in whom all the elements of the baser passions are predominant, perform their pilgrimages to the most startling scenes of Nature, to pay their devotions there, and offer up that species of adoration, which is elicited by scenes of natural grandeur. Under such circumstances, there can be but little doubt that every mind, falling within these influences, becomes chastened, as long as the occasion lasts; and that, entering in among the creations of Art, with uncovered head, the sacred spell drives away all material desires and worldly associations. Indeed the mind could not not appreciate, unless by being in a chastened condition, since the purity of Art and Nature must find a reflex on a spotless surface. That these appeals of Art-eloquence may be but momentary, leaving no fixed influences, should not derogate from its worth and aims. It rather goes to show its high moral meaning, and its tendency to rear up our æsthetic people. When the life of a nation has run its course, as in the cases of Greece, Rome, Italy, and Spain, Art cannot alone sustain the moral character, as a nation's history begins, and often ends, with material causes. But, where the life blood is vigorous, and the intellect new, the people can derive its highest recreations from pleasures in which Art commingles, and gives them shape, as well as its strongest moral safeguards, by veiling the commonest duties with the æsthetics of outward form.

JAMES HENRY.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT's rules were, that in every landscape there should be at least one brown tree; and that every picture should have a first, second, and third light. "I see," he said, looking at a picture by Constable, "your first and second lights, but I can't make out your third." Constable told this to Turner, who said, "You should have asked him how many lights Rubens introduced."—*Leslie*.

## THE WILDERNESS AND ITS WATERS.\*

### CHAPTER X.

#### A HUNT.

WE were awakened in the morning by Mike rattling about the stove, kindling the fire. It was scarcely day-break, and I had slept so soundly in the genial warmth of the cabin, contrasting so strongly with our cheerless, airy apartments of the night before, that I regretted to be routed out, and in fact lapsed into sleep again, but a second time aroused by the entrance of the lady of the house, I threw aside my blanket, and took a seat in a warm corner. Angler and Student had shaken off their slumbers at the first awakening, and had gone out into the open air, where, with a drowsy effort, I finally made out to join them. The truth was, that I had got on a fair way to make up for my last two or three nights of imperfect rest, and it was not pleasant to be disturbed.

We found the trappers out examining their "traps," which, according to custom, had been piled on the shore, and covered by their boats turned up-side down. Simons greeted me cordially, and even his dog seemed disposed to renew his acquaintance. We entered into conversation, which was scarcely as free as it had been the evening before, as there were others listening. He and his brother trappers were soon called to their breakfast, and after seeing that our guides were getting ours under way with the greatest possible speed, we walked back to the cabin, for a muggy, chilly air, promising rain, made a fire rather pleasant than otherwise. We sat down by the stove, therefore, and entered into council as to what we should do for the day. It was concluded, that as Student was anxious to have a hunt, and if possible kill a deer, we would get Mike to turn out with his hounds and have a "drive." I walked down to the shore of the lake with Simons, and saw him start, giving him my pocket compass as a souvenir of our brief acquaintance, and having commissioned him to catch me the biggest bear skin he could find in the woods that winter. He pulled out of his pocket a memorandum book, wrote my address in a clear, round hand, not by any means inelegant, shook hands, and then taking his seat, ordered his dog in, and I pushed his boat into the lake. I walked back to breakfast, turning over in my mind the two great questions which comprise the sum total of inquiry of all things—whence and whither—what had his life been? and, should I ever see him again?

Mike readily agreed to the proposal to try a drive, and as soon as we could get breakfast, we got the boats into the water, and then, after a time spent in cleaning out rifles and examining powder-flasks, &c., the dogs were got up, tied in couples except one old hound, single, as he always ran alone. There were seven of them, and Mike took five in his boat, Bill taking the other two in his. Then Student, being the hero of the hunt, was assigned to Mike's boat, as the most likely to find game. Angler, as usual, got into Bill's, and I into

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by  
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New York.

Moodie's, and we were ready to start. Mike called his eldest, the boy whom we had found on his knee the evening before, and with humorous gravity gave him charge of his mother and the family. The little fellow straightened up, and got a little wooden gun his father had made him, which Mike went through a semblance of loading, and returned to him. Then, with a comical childish dignity he walked to the shore, and bade his father good-bye, assuring him that he "ould keep the 'olves off, and take care mother." "Mother" herself, Moodie said, was no weak specimen of humanity, being a crack rifle-shot, and a good oarswoman. The last time Mike went down to the settlements, he told her that she might have for herself all the deer-skins she could get during his absence; and accordingly, entirely alone, she had secured seven or eight before he returned, a period of not more than three or four days.

We rowed up the lake several miles, to where the lay of the land around was such that the deer would be pretty sure to run into the lake when started, and then the boats were stationed at such points as they would be most likely to swim across to escape the dogs. Having been assigned our stations, about a mile apart, Mike landed and put his dogs out, the two couples on different tracks, and left the old Solitary to find his game for himself. Bill put his out at a different point, and then we all rowed out into the lake to wait the progress of events. It was raining very slightly, and Moodie wrapped his coat around his rifle-lock to keep the wet out, and pushing the boat under the partial shelter of a fir that overhung the shore of the lake, we cuddled up into as small a space as possible, and kept as dry as we might. It was an excellent day for the scent to lay, and the dogs were all in full cry. We could distinguish the different voices sometimes very plainly, particularly the deep bay of the old hound, which did not come so often as that of the younger ones, but rang with a terrible emphasis. The sounds swept away into the woods, feebler and feebler, until finally we could only hear an occasional yelp, faint and scarcely distinguishable. Then, after a time, old Solitary's voice came into hearing again, quickened somewhat, and full of fire. "He's after an old buck," said Moodie, for those accustomed to the hounds can tell what kind of a deer it is that is pursued, by the cry of the dog pursuing. Nearer and nearer he came, and seemed likely to cross at our station. This was a place they called "the narrows," where the lake narrowed between two points of land, so that it was not more than four or five hundred yards wide. We lay at the point opposite that by which the deer must enter, and as the bay drew nearer, and sounded quicker, we drew out from the bushes to be in readiness.

"Hush," said Moodie, presently, and directed me to watch the point, where immediately the deer plunged in, making the water fly in grand style. He did not swim towards us, but in a direction more down the lake, and by Moodie's direction I paddled gently out, so as to be ready to row in and cut him off, when he should be far enough from the shore he had left, to keep him from returning to it. Noiselessly moving out with the paddle alone, Moodie did not use the oars until he thought the

deer, a noble buck, was about in the middle of the lake, then rising to his oars, he pulled away as if for his own life. I threw my utmost strength into the paddle, and our light boat flew across the water. The cunning old buck, instead of turning back, or even hesitating, pushed with redoubled energy for the shore he had originally started for. After a few minutes' rowing we saw that we had miscalculated the distance, for though we were overtaking him rapidly, he had too much the start of us, and just as Moodie dropped his oars he struck a sand bar, which ran twenty or thirty yards into the lake, and which we had not calculated on, when, rising with all his strength, he bounded through the shallow water, throwing the spray before him, and just as Moodie had unwrapped his gun-lock, and was ready to fire, he plunged into the forest and disappeared. I was not in the least sorry, for though I had pulled with my utmost vigor, I did not care to have the deer killed—indeed, I hoped he would escape, but since I had joined in the hunt, I was bound to do my best to make it successful. I heard his heavy tramp through the woods as it died away into the distance, with more pleasure than I should have seen him wilt down under Moodie's fire, as I had seen the fawn the day before. Moodie, however, was excessively annoyed at being thus balked by the deer, and pulled across to where the dog stood, occasionally baying, and taking him in, rowed to the bar where the deer went out. While we were yet many yards from the shore, the dog caught the scent on the water, and springing from the boat in a perfect frenzy, with a quick and heavy bay he followed the line of foam which the deer had left on the water, and went out on the shore in the very trail he had made, and off into the woods in full and ardent cry.

We rowed out into the lake again, and I expressed my surprise at the hound's having found the trail in the water. "Oh, that's nothing," said Moodie; "I've known a dog to follow a deer half a mile in deep water, when the lake was very smooth, and he would make every turn the deer made, and go out at the same place, when he had not seen the deer at all, and it was ten or fifteen minutes after he had gone through. Scent will lie some considerable time on smooth water," continued he, "and a good dog will follow it very well."

The voice of the hound was again swallowed up by the green abyss of the forest, and we waited in silence half an hour or more, when we heard it faintly in the distance, and then back and forwards—so that, for a long time, it seemed a matter of doubt if he would come in again where we were. The baying was still some distance away, when Moodie pointed out an object moving in the water, close in shore. It was the buck which had doubled on the hound; and was now skulking along shore to throw the dog off the scent—but the latter was too quick; and the dreaded sound of his voice coming into uncomfortable nearness, the deer pushed out into the deep water. This time we were more prompt, and, rowing along side of him, Moodie caught him by the tail. I turned my face away—and, when I looked again, the head and tail drooped, and the blood was reddening the dark water. We took

him in, and returned to get the dog, but met him half way from shore. He had swam out to meet us; and, lifting him into the boat, we rowed back to the station. We could hear the other dogs faintly, at times; and, presently there came a feeble report of a gun, and after a short interval, another, and then all was still again. They were from Mike's boat, which had gone above us, and presently it came in sight, when we joined it, and turned down the lake together. Student had killed two deer, a young buck, and a noble fat doe.

We rowed down the lake slowly; and as we neared the post where Angler had been left, we saw, leaving an island at a little distance from the mainland, a black object, which swam to the shore slowly—and all three boats gave chase; Angler's nearest, but only near enough to lose it among some large rocks forming the shore, and between two of which the animal went out. Nobody could tell what it was. Bill said a bear—Mike said a hedge-hog; but we put the dogs ashore, and after racing two and fro among the crags, they balked at a steep ledge, up which neither we nor they could go, and they showed signs of fear, and hung back. The rocks were impassable; and there might have been bears and panthers enough to have eaten us all up within shot, and we be none the wiser for it; so we re-embarked, and left what had almost promised to be an adventure. I suspect that Mike was right, but I hoped it was a bear—to have seen one, at least, would have been something. We reached Mike's cabin by late dinner-time, somewhat wet, for it was still drizzling, and took dinner, this time, *en famille*.

*The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character.* By JOHN RUSKIN.

#### NO. 3.—THE VILLA.

(Continued.)

#### IV. THE BRITISH VILLA—THE CULTIVATED OR BLUE COUNTRY—PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION.

In the papers hitherto devoted to the investigation of villa architecture, we have contemplated the beauties of what may be considered as its model, in its original and natural territory; and we have noticed the difficulties to be encountered in the just erection of villas in England. It remains only to lay down the general principles of composition, which, in such difficulties, may, in some degree, serve as a guide. Into more than general principles, it is not consistent with our plan to enter. One obstacle, which was more particularly noticed, was, as it may be remembered, the variety of the geological formations of the country. This will compel us to use the divisions of landscape formerly adopted in speaking of the cottage, and to investigate severally the kind of domestic architecture required by each.

First. Blue, or cultivated country, which is to be considered as including those suburban districts in the neighborhood of populous cities, which, more frequently black than blue, possess the activity, industry and life which we before noticed as one of the